

Mr. Speaker, to the majority leader, is not introducing a bill, then we are off for 3 days, coming back, and the day after organizing the committee without hearings, without any testimony, then passing the bill, and bringing it to the floor, when clearly it is a partisan difference.

We will move on, Mr. Leader. I know you are happy about that.

As the gentleman knows, after next week, we have two 4-day weeks scheduled in February prior to the President's Day recess.

Can the gentleman give me a sense of what legislation will be on the floor in February, again, Mr. Speaker, so that Members can have some knowledge of what might be brought to the floor, so that they can prepare and the public knows what legislation is going to be considered?

I yield to my friend.

Mr. MCCARTHY. I thank the gentleman for yielding.

We have made no decisions on February and notification yet, but as soon as we do, we will give ample time for all to know.

Mr. HOYER. I thank the gentleman and, again, would emphasize that the majority leader, Mr. Speaker, has made it clear in his statements, both in a book that he and two others coauthored prior to their taking the majority, but he has said numerous times since then about his commitment to transparency, openness, 72-hour rule, which has been 3-day rule—it used to be 72 hours, now 3 days.

Three days, I suggest, Mr. Speaker, can be 26 hours. That is the last hour of the third day and the first hour of the third day. I understand that, but that is not regular order. We have all breached that. We all understand that.

Having said that, this Congress has started with closed rules, no hearings, and anything but regular order. I would urge, Mr. Speaker, that the majority leader try to adhere to that.

As he has observed in the past, if we do that, I think we will have better legislation, greater participation by Members, and reflect better the voice of the American people.

I yield to my friend.

Mr. MCCARTHY. I thank the gentleman for yielding.

First, I want to thank the gentleman. If you quoted my book, I hope you bought it, so I thank you for that. Proceeds went to help the veterans.

I listened to what the gentleman said. As the gentleman knows, any new Congress, when you start, the committees are just beginning to organize. That is why, when we look to legislation, we look to those that the American public wanted.

You had brought up Keystone. Twenty-eight Members on your side of the aisle voted for it. I would consider that bipartisan. You have a large majority of Americans who want it and waited 5 years.

I know you bring up that we had a debate on the border, but we just now

organized, and we were just now sworn in, but they have been debating this issue for quite some time.

It is our intention to run this House in a very open manner. I have been here when it has not been, and just as we said in our book, I think the American public wins when we go through regular order and we have greater transparency. I look forward to working with the gentleman as we progress throughout the term.

Mr. HOYER. I thank the gentleman.

I don't want to be very cynical, but talk is fine. Performance—as Ronald Reagan said: "Trust, but verify." We can read the talk, we can read the assertions, we can read the promises, but if it is not carried out, the American people are going to be—and continue to be, as they were when the gentleman appealed to them in his book—they are going to be cynical about our actions.

I think Mr. DENT observed it correctly. For the first 3 weeks, we have gone through a partisan practice. Hopefully, we can, Mr. Speaker, skew that in the future, give notice, make sure everybody has the opportunity to participate, make sure that we have the ideas from both parties and the American people, given opportunity to be expressed and, yes, to be included.

Next week, we will bring to the floor, as we have in the past, a bill that skews and abandons bipartisanship, which was achieved in the last Congress through the same committee for a partisan bill on which there will not be agreement. That is unfortunate for the security of our country. It is unfortunate for the due process of this institution.

I yield back the balance of my time.

ADJOURNMENT TO MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 2015

Mr. MCCARTHY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that when the House adjourns today, it adjourn to meet on Monday, January 26, 2015, when it shall convene at noon for morning-hour debate and 2 p.m. for legislative business.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. HARDY). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from California?

There was no objection.

SUPPORTING THE MARCH FOR LIFE

(Mr. THOMPSON of Pennsylvania asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. THOMPSON of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I rise to recognize and thank the thousands—tens of thousands—of Americans who traveled to Washington, D.C., to participate in today's March for Life.

They came here today to remember a somber occasion, the anniversary of the Roe v. Wade Supreme Court decision. It has been 42 years since that

fateful decision, and while years have worn on, its impact on this country have not diminished.

Those who participated in the march today came from across the Nation, from every State—despite the cold and the weather—for one reason: the next generation of Americans depends on it.

Millions of Americans have been unable to pursue their dreams and defend their inalienable rights because of abortion. This is not justice. This is not freedom. I stand with those who march for life. I honor those who march for life.

This is my seventh March for Life since coming to Congress. Knowing that, I can promise that as long as the lives of innocent unborn children are at risk, there will be those who will make a stand against it.

HONORING WILLIAM KORTUM

(Mr. HUFFMAN asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. HUFFMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in honor and memory of Bill Kortum, regarded by many as the father of the environmental movement in Sonoma County.

Bill grew up in a Sonoma County that was much more rural and undeveloped than today. By the early 1960s, he foresaw that a growing population could threaten the county's natural landscape, so he fought to protect the home he loved.

He was singularly responsible for instituting lasting environmental protections throughout Sonoma County and California, though he would never claim credit for them.

One of Bill's first victories was to prevent the development of PG&E's nuclear power plant at Bodega Head. He helped create the California Coastal Commission, which continues to guarantee public access to the coast today.

He established Sonoma County Conservation Action, helped create the Sonoma County Open Space District, and championed the Sonoma Land Trust and the SMART train.

Bill illustrates the incredible impact one person can have in making the world a better place. His legacy in Sonoma County and beyond will not soon be forgotten.

I extend my deepest condolences to his partner in much of this work, his dear wife Lucy, as well as his three children and grandchildren.

HONORING WINSTON CHURCHILL

(Mr. HOLDING asked and was given permission to address the House for 1 minute and to revise and extend his remarks.)

Mr. HOLDING. Mr. Speaker, this Saturday, January 24, marks the 50th anniversary of the death of Winston Churchill. Over the past half century, he has passed from memory into history, yet stands unchallenged as one of the greatest figures of modern times.

Born of an American mother and a British father, his life and career symbolized the fellowship of the English-speaking peoples.

Just outside this very Chamber, Mr. Speaker, stands an enduring tribute to the "British Bulldog" in the Freedom Foyer. The placement of Churchill's bust inside the U.S. Capitol serves as a testament to our special relationship with the United Kingdom and to the values our two nations have fought so dearly to defend: democracy and freedom.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to submit into the RECORD a touching account of Mr. Churchill's passing written by Celia Sandys, his granddaughter, and the only surviving member of the Churchill family present at his death.

MY GRANDFATHER'S FINAL DAYS

The Personal Account of Hon. Celia Sandys

His birthdays were always a big family occasion. The first one that I can remember clearly was his eightieth birthday in 1954 when there was a huge event in Westminster Hall. The purpose was for both Houses of Parliament to mark the day with tributes and the presentation of the portrait by Graham Sutherland, which had been commissioned as a gift for him.

The rumour was out that the image was less than flattering. I remember my parents discussing how he had disliked it when he had seen it two weeks earlier. He did, however, rise to the occasion and accepted it saying: "It is a remarkable example of modern art." As usual he had chosen the perfect words. The portrait was never seen again!

Ten years later we celebrated his ninetieth birthday at Hyde Park Gate. He had left his beloved Chartwell for the last time the month before. As we raised our glasses of Pol Roger to toast him, the unspoken thought in everyone's mind was that the final meeting could not be long delayed.

Six weeks later, on 10 January 1965 he suffered a stroke, the effects of which worsened over the next few days.

On the evening of the 15th, I received a call from his personal secretary, Anthony Montague Browne, to tell me that my aunt Sarah was on her way from Rome. He said she would be arriving at Heathrow in the early hours of the morning and had asked if she could stay with me.

I remember driving like the wind to get to Heathrow in time and then having to run the gauntlet of a huge crowd of journalists before we could get out of the airport. The press had only heard of my grandfather's condition a few hours before and so were hungry for information.

We went straight to Hyde Park Gate and found Grandpapa sleeping peacefully with his cat Jock curled up beside him. I don't know if Jock ever left the bed, but every time I was there the cat lay curled up by his master.

It was clear that the inevitable was about to happen. We were all sad; for ourselves not for him. Anyone who had spent time with him during the last few years knew that he was ready to go.

During the next nine days we had two urgent calls to go to Hyde Park Gate when it seemed the end was near, but each time he rallied. Otherwise during this period we visited once or twice a day, as much for my grandmother as for him.

Initially we had to struggle to get through the crowds of press and concerned onlookers who filled the little cul-de-sac day and night. After a few days, in response to a request

from my grandmother, the bystanders moved to the main road and our visits became much easier.

Early on the morning of the 24th of January we received what was clearly the final call from my aunt Mary. Sarah and I raced to Hyde Park Gate. There we joined my grandmother, Mary, my uncle Randolph and my cousin Winston.

Clementine sat holding Grandpapa's hand with his doctor, Lord Moran, sitting beside her; Randolph and Winston stood on the other side, while Sarah, Mary and I knelt at the foot of the bed. Also in the room were two nurses, whose work had finished, and Anthony Montague Browne.

No one made a sound except Grandpapa who breathed heavily and sighed. Then there was silence.

It seemed as though time stood still until Clementine asked Lord Moran, "Has he gone?" He nodded.

Seventy years to the day and almost to the minute since his father, Lord Randolph, had died, Winston Churchill had slipped imperceptibly away to meet his Maker.

We all sat down to a subdued breakfast and listened to the radio as the announcement of his death was broadcast to the world.

Some years earlier the Queen had decided that her first Prime Minister was to have a Lying-in-State and a State Funeral. The was the first time such an honour had been granted to a commoner since the funeral of the Duke of Wellington more than a century before.

Preparations for the ceremony had been given the code name "Operation Hope Not" and, in true British tradition, had been worked out to the last detail some years before.

More than 300,000 people queued in the freezing cold along the Embankment, across Lambeth Bridge, back along the Thames and across Westminster Bridge to file past the catafalque in Westminster Hall, the oldest surviving part of the Palace of Westminster where, my grandfather had spent so much of his working life.

The family were allowed to slip in by a side door and watch the extraordinary sight of so many who had come from near and far to bid farewell to the man for whom they felt love, respect and gratitude.

On the day of the funeral we gathered in Westminster Hall for the journey to St Paul's Cathedral.

The men of the family together with Anthony Montague Browne, who had served his master faithfully and lovingly to the end, walked behind the coffin, which was borne on a gun carriage.

The women rode in the Queen's carriages. My grandmother, Sarah and Mary were in the first carriage. My sister Edwina and I rode in the second. We had rugs and hot water bottles to keep us warm on a very cold day. We were so close to the crowds lining the streets that we could have touched them. The emotion in their faces I will never forget.

When we arrived at St Paul's, we all lined up for the procession up the aisle. The women of the family looked as though we were in uniform. Quite independently we were all wearing more or less identical black fox fur hats.

As the bearers struggled to carry the coffin up the steps and into the cathedral, it seemed they might be going to drop it. Apparently they had rehearsed but not with a lead-lined coffin! They made it and we all followed up the long aisle where the Queen and her family were waiting.

We were told that the Queen had said we should not curtsy to her so we filed into our seats opposite the Royal Family.

After the service we processed out and watched anxiously as the bearers carried the

coffin down the steps, probably an even more difficult task.

As we got back into our carriages, the Queen and her family joined on the cathedral steps with monarchs, presidents, wartime colleagues and political allies to say goodbye to the man they had come to honour.

The carriages took us to Tower Pier where, after Grandpapa had been piped aboard, there was a seventeen-gun salute. We boarded the Port of London Authority's survey vessel, MV Havengore, for the journey to Waterloo Station. As we sailed off we could hear the band playing Rule Britannia.

The crane drivers on the quayside dipped the heads of their cranes in salute. This was the only unscripted part of the day and one of the most moving. The RAF flew overhead.

At Waterloo the coffin was placed in the guard's van with a military escort of the 4th Hussars on constant watch.

We sat down to have lunch and a glass of champagne, which we certainly needed, as the train moved off, pulled by the engine, which my then seven-year-old brother Julian had named "Winston Churchill" during the war.

Along the entire route from Waterloo to Long Hanborough, the railway was lined with people of all ages, some waving, some crying, some saluting, all of them silently saying goodbye to the man they admired. Finally we reached the small churchyard at Bladon, the burial place of Winston's parents and his brother Jack and within sight of Blenheim Palace where he had been born ninety years before.

The day immediately turned into a family affair, and we could say goodbye in private to the husband, father and grandfather who we all loved so much.

After the service we stood by the graveside as the bearers lowered the coffin into the grave. The silence was broken by a metallic clatter. Lying on the coffin were the shiny medals that had fallen off the coat of one of the bearers.

We were a sombre party on the train going back to London. When I got home I realized how strange the past weeks had been. It was as though I had been in a state of suspension but had now come down to earth.

Aunt Sarah and I watched the rerun of the day on television and wondered at all the events in which we had played a part.

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SHADOWS OF CRISES

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 6, 2015, the gentleman from Texas (Mr. GOHMERT) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the majority leader.

Mr. GOHMERT. Mr. Speaker, it has been quite a week. There have been tragedies, and there have been wonderful events.

In having been to Nigeria this past year and in having met with family members of girls who were kidnapped because they went to Christian schools, there were three girls I met who had escaped after they had been kidnapped. The kidnapped girls, it was known, were being sexually abused and may have now been sold into sex trafficking, given as wives, and have been ordered to convert from Christianity to Islam or be killed. I know there are some in this town who think they are